

as they say, got up at three every morning
 merely in
 order to think like everybody else. I
 suppose if one
 hazarded the suggestion that it is rather
 belated now to
 dismiss as a failure a play like *Hamlet* that
 has fascinated
 its public for generations, Mr. Eliot might
 reply, like the
 character in Dorat's *Les Proneurs*:

Quant an public, son joug vous tient-il done
 courbe?

Le public est, monsieur, terriblement tombé.

If the public likes *Hamlet*, so much the
 worse for the
 public. For Hamlet's mother, we are told, is
 not an
 'objective correlative' for Hamlet's violence
 of feeling.
 (One ruefully recalls Aldous Huxley's ironic
 summary of
 most 'advanced' reviews, as ' "Mary had a
 little lamb"
 translated into Hebrew and written in
 cipher'.) What is
 an 'objective correlative'? Mr. Eliot
 generously offers
 two examples. These, alas, contradict one
 another. But
 it finally emerges that he feels Gertrude too
 poor a crea-
 ture so to upset her son—in other words
Hamlet should
 really be called *Much Ado about Nothing*. Mr.
 Eliot has
 poured public scorn on 'the psychologists', as it
 pleases him
 to call psycho-analysts. It might be no ill
 thing if he read
 a little more 'psychology' before condemning
 Shake-
 speare's.

And what, again, of this flower of criticism
 tossed us in
 a coy footnote—'I have never, by the way,
 seen a cogent
 refutation of Thomas Rymer's objections to
Othello?

Rymer's objections are, briefly, that to mix
 comic relief

with tragedy is 'untallowing the Theatre';
that the catastrophe outrages poetic justice—if this be
our end what boots it to be virtuous?—the missing
handkerchief ought to have been found in time; that Iago is a
'false, insinuating rascal', whereas a character of
plain-dealing honesty has always been attributed to
soldiers 'for some thousands of years in the world'; that he is
ungrateful